

"I remember being at a meeting where some young man, who was very good at times and at more times was not what he should be, was making a long and tearful confession and making promises that he would never more go from the true path again. The Deacon was there, and as the young man took his seat, the old Deacon, who was seated near the pulpit, arose slowly and turned around and calling the young man by name, said, "The devil is not dead yet." He resumed his seat and that was all that he had to say.

"I remember as a boy playing around his shingle shop, when a young man came to see him and as he talked I finally heard him say he thought he had a call from God to preach. The Deacon did not say anything for some time, but kindly calling the man by name, said, "It may be better for you to go home and hoe potatoes as it might have been some other voice you heard."

"The Deacon was very careful not to say anything against others, but at the same time would not vary from the truth. I remember being out near the road, when a man driving a horse and buggy, seeing the Deacon, stopped and asked him in regard to a man living in the community. Now as the man he asked about was a "good provider" for his family, he was looked upon by his neighbors as having come very close to committing the unpardonable sin. The Deacon, looking at the man, answered his question about the man's character by saying, "So-and-So has one of the best women in the town for a wife." It seems I can even now hear the man laugh as he drove away.

"The Deacon believed in work and if a man worked he would have food and clothes. The quality of the food and clothes never bothered him. Mush and milk or roast turkey were all the same.

"Reuben Peck was our neighbor for years and was one of our boyish heroes. Uncle Reuben was ever active in the church and town and no man had a warmer heart nor was a more earnest Christian, ever ready to help in every good work. His industry in doing kind acts was just as great as his industry in the daily work of providing for his own family. But what made Uncle Reuben great was his skill in handling an ox team. He was an expert with a yoke of oxen and would make them pull more and work harder than any one else and his oxen seemed to know that when they were in the yoke they had to do their level best, and whatever Uncle Reuben hitched them to had to come along with them.

"Uncle Reuben was in his glory when he had a logging job. Snaking logs up to the log heaps was a great job, and when he had driven the grab hooks home and gave the word, his oxen settled themselves into the yoke and the roots, dirt and ashes would fly as they took their way to the heaps. I would not have you think that Uncle Reuben trained his oxen to work by whispering or pointing his finger as this would hardly be true. Uncle Reuben had a strong pair of lungs and used them when he was driving oxen. You could tell if you were any where within one half mile whether he was at work with his team of oxen. As I am not a judge of singing and do not know whether Uncle Reuben was a singer, but as I am sure that Uncle